

Among male novelists Dickens takes the lead as a delineator of children. All kinds and conditions of them flock through his books. He depicted life as he saw it and wherever he looked there were children, therefore children had a natural and inevitable place in his pages, says the Indianapolis Star. From the Fat Boy of Pickwick Papers to Tiny Tim the procession is long and includes a notable list—David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Little Nell, Florence Dombey and her brother, Poor Jo, the little Kenwigses, Toodles and many more. If they are not children exactly as readers of this day see them they are children as he saw them and he pictures them with a vividness that gives them a lasting place in the reader's mind. They stand forth more clearly on "memory's wall" than the real personages of history. Several of Thackeray's characters are introduced in their childhood, as Henry Esmond, Pendenis and Becky Sharp, and are brought along to maturity, but this is merely by way of accounting for their later peculiarities and the child portraits leave no special impression. Poe never wrote of children. Hawthorne did, but of dream children rather than those of real life. Later male novelists for the most part ignore the young of their race. Henry James seldom realizes that children are on earth. There is "Maizie," to be sure, but Maizie is not a real child. Thomas Hardy is aware of them and introduces Jude as a boy, but dwells lightly on this early life of his hero.

The city clerk of New York has received a letter from a gentleman in St. Petersburg, Russia, who describes himself as a Prince, gives a string of glittering titles and says he is fifty-seven years of age and without fortune, but "desires to marry a person who is very rich." Full directions how to reach the impetuous but hopeful nobleman are supplied, and any wealthy American lady seeking such a chance probably will be able to get the high-sounding title on reasonable, not to say bargain counters. The fact that a man who bears the title was serving when last heard of as a hotel waiter of course would be no bar to such an alliance or explain why the nobleman is seeking to make an arrangement of the sort proposed.

When a mischievous boy takes snuff sometimes a great many others sneeze. At least this is what happened on a New York subway train. The boy, a youth of seventeen, asserts that he had a cold, for which he took the snuff, and that in doing so some of the stuff was spilled, and thus others were set to sneezing. But irate passengers assert that the lad deliberately threw the snuff about the car, creating such a paroxysm of sneezing that the train was almost shaken from the rails. At any rate the boy was arrested and taken before a police magistrate, who lectured the prisoner as "one of the worst rowdies brought here" and gave him five days in the workhouse. Which shows that New York laws are not to be sneezed at.

The lawyer abbreviates perhaps more than any writer in his attempt to keep pace with the redundant phraseology of legal documents. And printed books of precedents, such as the indispensable Key and Elphinstone, teach him the recognized contractions. For instance, "exs," "ads," "trees" and "ass" do duty for executors, administrators, trustees and assigns, while daughter is written "daur," and a solicitor is referred to as a "solor." In fact, every word on a draft of a deed or will capable of contraction is cut down to the utmost limit, only, of course, to be extended when the document itself is engrossed.

The population of Iowa has decreased during the past ten years. Some of the people of France might reciprocate by worrying a little about race suicide in this country.

Alexander the Great's route to India has been discovered, but the road is so badly in need of repairs that other conquerors will not use it for some time yet.

Even the hobble skirt has its value. A "lady" accused of kicking another "lady" in New York proved that she was wearing a hobble skirt at the time. Although the magistrate was so Solomon he immediately discharged the defendant.

Modern inventions are causing trouble. The long distance phone interferes with the work of the Minnesota poets, and it has been taken away from them.

MEXICAN TROOPS ARE MOBILIZING

MANY FEDERAL SOLDIERS ARE CONCENTRATING TO TAKE REBEL STRONGHOLD.

REBELS CAPTURE A TRAIN

Two Thousand Arrive and Depart for San Antonio, Chihuahua, in Hope of Gaining Strategic Position at Mal Paso.

Chihuahua, Mexico.—Two thousand government troops arrived here and departed by railroad for San Antonio, State of Chihuahua, 10 miles from the recent battle of Mal Paso. The outfit included a battery of light artillery and one rapid-fire gun. These, together with the remount of Col. Gelzman's troops, numbering 300, at Durillos, will concentrate at San Antonio, with the purpose of clearing Mal Paso of insurgents and getting control of the railroad through that strategic point. Col. Gelzman, who is in a serious condition at a hospital here, described the ambush at Mal Paso as a horrible experience. The insurgents could rarely be seen, while their bullets rained into the canon. When he fell with a bullet through his right leg, one after another of his men attempted to reach him, but in turn fell, until he cried out to them to cease their efforts.

Col. Gelzman will be succeeded in command of the re-enforcements by Col. Cuellar, chief of President Diaz's military staff.

When Mal Paso shall have been forced Cuellar will form a junction with General Navarro for the purpose of clearing the country west.

Rebels Take a Train.

El Paso, Tex.—Revolutionists captured an El Paso & Northwestern train 25 miles south of here, took the locomotive and cars and left the passengers in the desert.

About 50 revolutionists were in the party and the train was bound for Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, opposite El Paso, from Casas Grandes and the Mormon colonies. This is Dr. F. S. Pearson's road.

Rebels killed cattle eight miles from Juarez and there is great fear in the border town.

26 FIREMEN MEET DEATH

Chicago Is Latest Fire Center When Packing House Burns—Fire Chief Horan Among the Dead.

Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-six firemen, among them Fire Marshal James Horan, Battalion Chief William Burroughs and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, were killed when they were crushed beneath a heavy wooden canopy that fell while they were fighting a fire which did damage estimated at over a million dollars to the plant of the Nelson Morris company, in the stock yards. The injured number is not less than forty, it is estimated.

The fire started from an explosion. Immediately after the first alarm was given the flames spread with great rapidity. Firemen were kept busy nearly 24 hours with the conflagration.

BREAK ALL MAIL RECORDS

New York Receives Largest European Post Ever Known—Three Steamships Bring Cargoes.

New York City.—Thursday will be put down by the New York post-office as marking the largest arrival of mail matter from Europe ever known. Three arriving ocean liners, laden with Christmas messages and packages, are responsible for the new record.

The St. Louis of the American line brought 5,676 sacks of mail, the George Washington 1,300 sacks and the Lusitania 5,161 sacks.

PRESIDENT TO TAKE REST

Will Not Burden Himself With Official Cares Until After New Year's Holiday.

Washington, D. C.—President Taft is going to take a rest. Announcement has been made at the White House that until the reconvening of congress, January 5, he will pay as little attention to the routine of office as possible.

Secretary Norton left Washington for a ten days' vacation, probably in the Adirondacks, and the president does not expect to see many congressional or other important callers while he is absent.

Roosevelt Gets Buffalo Roast. Pawnee, Oklahoma.—Major Gordon W. Little ("Pawnee Bill") has expressed to Theodore Roosevelt a 30-pound buffalo roast. President Taft and General Miles will each receive a 30-pound buffalo roast.

Editor Knocks Out Parson. Zanesville, Ohio.—Adam Ellsesser, editor of the Sunday News, knocked Rev. A. M. Courtney, pastor of the Methodist church here, unconscious after the pastor had come into his office and picked a quarrel.

TWELVE KILLED IN CRASH OF WALLS

BIG PHILADELPHIA BUILDING ON FIRE COLLAPSES AND MANY DEAD AND INJURED.

FORTY FIREMEN IN RUINS

Zero Weather Hampers Work of Succor to Comrades Imprisoned Under Ruins and No Hope is Entertained for Their Safety.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Death followed in the wake of a fire that destroyed the five-story building occupied by the D. Friendlander Leather company here.

While battling the flames a wall collapsed with a roar, burying over 40 firemen under the ruins. At midnight twelve bodies were recovered, 20, some of them seriously and probably fatally injured, had been taken to hospitals and it is believed 12 are still in the ruins.

Over 300 policemen were called out to raze the tottering north wall and aid in the work of rescue. While at work the wall collapsed, burying 15 policemen. Assistant Fire Chief Calabre was caught, as was a fireman, and the bodies have not been recovered. It is not believed the firemen buried will be rescued alive, as the bitter cold will probably freeze them to death before they can be reached.

Scattered about on three small structures adjoining the burning building were nearly 40 firemen fighting the flames. With a roar the roof of the five-story building crumbled, carrying either death or injury to every man who had stood ice-covered a moment before under the walls.

The scene which followed was sickening. Groans of injured firemen could be heard beneath the ruins and some of them were able to talk with rescuers and direct in their work.

CINCINNATI HAS BIG FIRE

Two Killed and Ten Injured When Buildings in Leather District Are Consumed—Loss Great.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—One fireman and one spectator were killed, ten firemen were injured and property worth \$2,000,000 was burned in an early morning fire that destroyed two factories in the shoe and leather district and damaged eight other factories. The fire started in the seven-story factory of the Krippendorf-O'Neill Shoe company and spread to the seven-story plant of the Taylor-Poole Leather company. Both plants were destroyed.

The casualties occurred when the walls of the Krippendorf-O'Neill building collapsed. Robert Greer, a fireman, and an unidentified boy 16 years old, who was watching the fire, were killed instantly. The cause of the fire is unknown.

ENTOMBED IN COAL MINE

Three Hundred Men in Workings at Leigh, England, Believed to Be Dead After Explosion.

Manchester, England.—Two hundred and fifty coal miners are believed to have been killed in an explosion and fire that wrecked the Pretoria mine of the Hulton company near Leigh, 25 miles northeast of Liverpool. The cause of the explosion, which occurred at 8 o'clock, is unknown. Approximately 300 men were in the mine when the explosion occurred.

Fire broke out immediately and within a few minutes flames were leaping from the mouth of the mine to a height of 80 feet.

Owing to the impassable condition of the shaft, the rescuers entered the workings through an adjoining mine. Mine Manager Tonge is leading the rescuing party.

MAY CLASH OVER BURIAL

Sons of Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy Want Her Body Buried in Family Plot in Tilton, N. H.

Washington, D. C.—The heirs of the late Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy are expected to oppose the burial of Mrs. Eddy in Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston, according to former Senator William E. Chandler, who was counsel for them, and who has received a copy of the will.

Her son, George W. Glover and Dr. E. J. Foster (Eddy), are determined to have her buried in the family burial plot in Tilton, N. H. No mention of her resting place is made in the will.

Chandler thinks there will be no fight over the last testament of Mrs. Eddy.

Moffatt Sues Eastern Road.

Denver, Colo.—It is announced here that David H. Moffatt of Denver has sued the Chesapeake Beach railroad at Baltimore to recover \$964,315 alleged to have been advanced for running expenses.

Oklahoma Drought Broken. Enid, Oklahoma.—The drought extending over the greater part of the summer and the entire fall was broken for the first time by a heavy sleet, which commenced to fall at this place.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.—Job, xxxii. 7.

New Year's day is like a traveler reaching a summit on the path, where he surveys the road he has left behind and looks ahead to that over which he has yet to go. These epochs are momentous in life history, and no wise person will fall at these periods to take his reckoning.

Most thoughtful persons are moved at this season to make resolutions; in fact, New Year's day is like a grand bazaar day in which various fine and beautiful resolutions are spread out to view. But alas, how many of these are only made to be broken! We are determined to turn over a new leaf in the book of life, and yet the fair, unspotted leaf is soiled almost in the very act of turning it. What then? Shall we give up making resolutions? Not at all. All effort is fragmentary. Because purposes miscarry is no reason why we should not form them. Were every New Year's resolution to be broken we would still have lived better for making them. And some of them will be kept, while the very endeavor will have lifted us to a higher plane and increased our self-respect.

We should, most of all, ask ourselves if we have a true life aim. No man can hit the mark if he is not aiming at it.

Resolve to break off bad habits. We all have our defects of disposition and character. These we cannot help. But it is our voluntary self-indulgence that makes them our masters. Now is the hour to fight them, to resist them unto blood, to break them off at once and for all.

Look on the bright side. The world is full of beauty and life sparkles with joy to the unblurred vision. It is our gloomy spirits that distort our view. The worst evils are imagined ones that never come to pass. Let us look for love and goodness and beauty and happiness, and we shall tread a fragrant, embowered way.

Let us do better in the home. It is here, where we are often most thoughtless, that we need to do our very best. More depends on the atmosphere of home than upon all else. Resolve that those who love you most and sacrifice the most for you shall see only your most pleasing side—shall have only respect, gentleness, love. Ah, how much of the recuperative power needed for the strain of life's wearing duties depends upon the tempers, manners and habits of home!

If, then, you will wear a morning face and keep the eager, unsullied heart of a child; be strict in the judgment of yourself and kindly in your judgment of others; be more eager to use than to blame; note the harvests of life rather than its discords,



and set your aim upon duty, God and the unfading, this new year will bring you no sorrow without its comfort, and over and over again it will fill your cup with blessing.

Purpose is the very soul of existence. There is little need that we press this fact home. The average man grasps its truth instantly.

As we stand upon the threshold of the New Year, however, we do well to consider a certain phase of its meaning—that which applies to the things that are new.

We naturally like what is new. There is a certain charm about variety. When life presses strongly upon us with its burden of responsibility and its pressure of care there is ever the temptation to throw off the old and take care of the new.

We respectfully suggest that the problems of life cannot be solved by some patent process; old responsibilities cannot be shaken off by the adoption of fantastic theories of religion and morals; there are no short cuts to truth.

With this in mind, what shall be the truest attitude of the thoughtful man toward the possible variety of the New Year. True, it may be a variety closely resembling that of a year ago; the commonplaceness of life's experiences is only too apparent. To win without effort is a misnomer; to attain without sacrifice is to eliminate joy; to look for an easy path is to prove the worthlessness of such a life's attainments. So, in view of these suggestions, what shall be our attitude

toward the New Year and its purpose? Let there be joy in work, moderation in pleasure, faithfulness in friendship, energy in service, loyalty to truth, openmindedness in research, openheartedness to all men. May we abhor only that which is superficial and hypocritical, and prove our candor and frankness by living above the thought of more profit.

Furthermore, let there be "honor to whom honor is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear." Courtesy rises supremely higher than obsequiousness, of course; the former is gentle and self-respecting, the latter is servile and self-condemning.

Invest the mind with noble possibilities and the heart with holy aspirations. Be charitable, sympathetic, cheerful, strong-hearted, fearless, free and undeffled. Let those about you know that these old truths have been found of you full of new meaning and interest, and there can be little doubt but you will do much toward the betterment of your kind.

The world stands in need of men who possess poise of character, balance of soul and vision of usefulness. Morality teaches us that it is better to be true than false, pure than licentious, brave than cowardly.

Spirituality does better than this, for it keeps men unsound by persecution, undaunted by opposition, uncompromising in the presence of hardship, hopeful for the future, bearing reproof and criticism thankfully, and above all headed toward the right goal.

Speeding Out the Old Year

The Old Year waited amid the snow Till men should bless her, and bid her go.

But the children laughed. "We await the New; 'Tis feiner and gladder and brighter than you."

And the Year sank sobbing amid the snow. "Will no one bless me before I go?"

Then from their woes the weary said: "Farewell! we shall bless you when you are dead."

But the Old Year wailed: "Oh, cruel as blame! Will no one bless me because I came?"

Then a poet spoke from his kingdom, Thought: "I bless you, Year, for the powers you brought."

"I thank you for loveliness, love, and light, For strife divine, and for visions bright."

"But the poet's heart is the heart of youth; His hope is To-Be, and his quest is Truth."

And the Old Year sighed in bitter pain, "Is there no one would take my gifts again?"

Then a youth and maiden made soft reply: "We again would live all your days gone by."

And the Old Year's laugh rang sweet, and gay: "Bless me! Oh, bless me, and bid me stay!"

But the youth and the maiden made answer swift: "We bless you, Year, for your price-less gift."

"But the love which came to complete our life Goes onward and upward through pain and strife."

"The highest hopes of the better part, We seek together, thus, heart to heart."

"We therefore bless you—but bid you go." And the Year lay smiling amid the snow.

—Jessie Annie Anderson.

STARTING THE JOURNEY

It's New Year's, little kid, and you Are starting hand in hand, Where varied paths go winding through The darkness and the day; You may not rise to choose your path Until the years have spread Their kindly mantle over and Around your curly head, So I will guide the way for you And I will love you when You feel oppressed and need the smile Of older fellowmen.

It's New Year's, little kid, and you Must open wide your eyes, And lift your voice in sanguine praise To Him up in the skies; He gives to you the stars of night, The sun of noon and dawn, And yours the peaceful sleep and dream When daylight time is gone; For you He blends the sunset skies For you all hope was made, And he has taught me love for you That you be not afraid.

It's New Year's, little kid, and we Are starting hand in hand, As pilgrims young and pilgrims old To find the promised land; Ahead there lies the vale of tears, But we will take the road That leads around, away from it And we will bear our load With strength and cheer along the way Our hearts attuned to glee, For I'll be there to guide you, child, And you will talk to me!

LAY EGGS BY THE MILLION

Remarkable Fertility of Many Kinds of Fish as Ascertained by Careful Calculation.

Not only do the eggs of fishes differ in appearance, but there is a great diversity in their size, and consequently in the number of eggs produced in the various species—thus in a marine catfish the eggs are as large as robin eggs; in the salmon they are one-

fourth of an inch in diameter; in the brook trout, one-fifth; in the grayling, one-sixth; in the shad, one-eighth, while in the eel they are almost microscopic. The number of eggs produced by the female of fishes varies according to its age and weight. In several familiar fishes the number of their eggs has been ascertained by careful and accurate calculation as follows: Brook trout, 200 to 2,500; salmon, 5,000 to 15,000; grayling, 1,000 to 5,000, and black bass, 3,000 to 15,000. Among salt water fishes the number of eggs is largely increased, as in the shad from 30,000 to 150,000, striped bass about 2,000,000, and in the codfish about 10,000,000.—James H. Henshall.

Got Damages Enough.

A little fellow listened open-mouthed to the description of a railroad accident in which a man was very seriously injured. When one of the family remarked: "I think he could get damages from the railroad," the little chap was puzzled and broke out with: "But father, hasn't he got damages enough already?"